

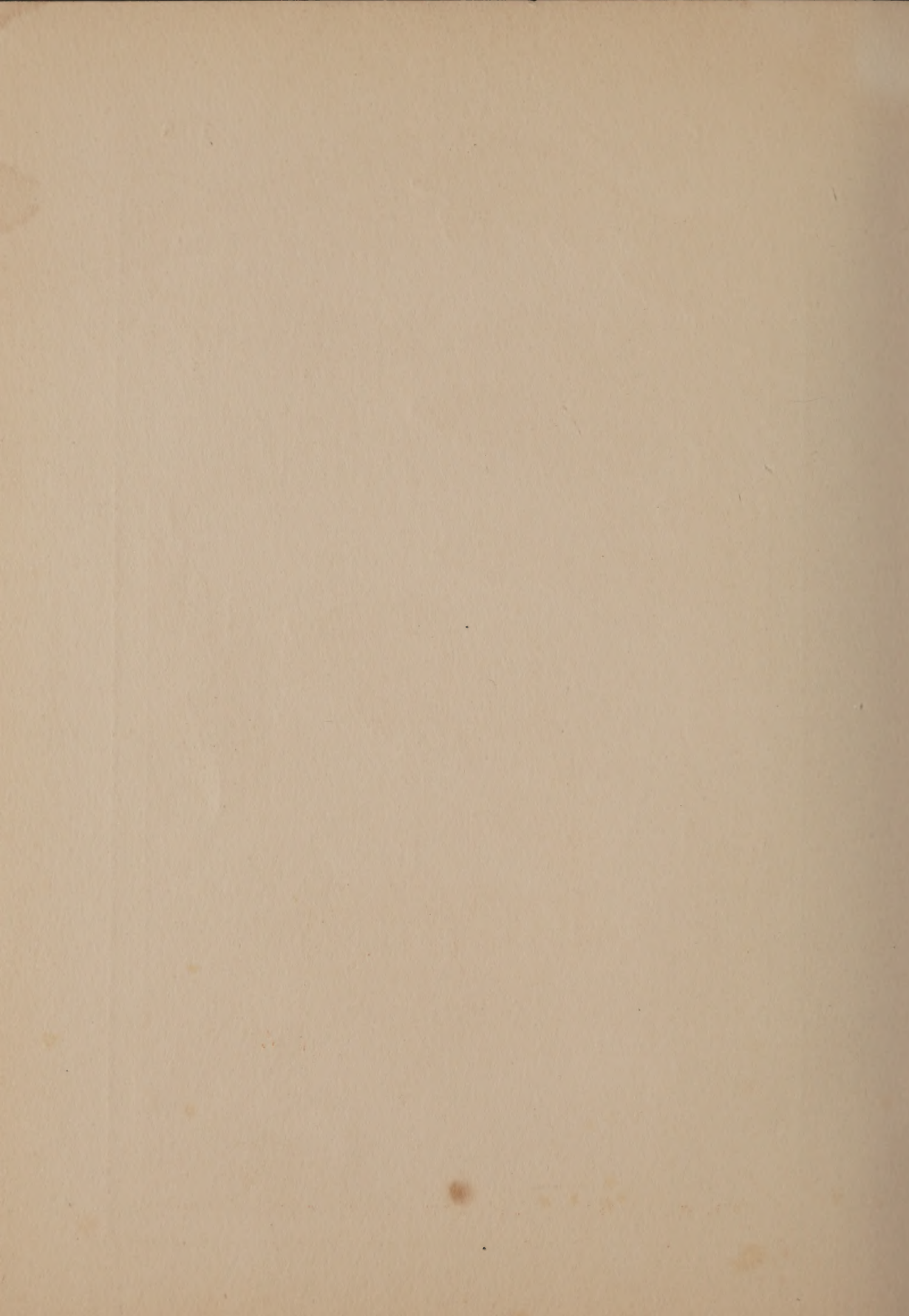
MARCH

1928

The AGAWAM MIRROR



HEM 25



The AGAWAM MIRROR

Published Quarterly by the Students of the Agawam High School,
Agawam, Massachusetts. Yearly Subscription Price of 50c.

"Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1,103, act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 28, 1924. Entered as second class matter on November 1, 1924 at the Post Office of Agawam, Mass. under the act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. 4

MARCH 1928

No. 3



THE STAFF

Editors: Louise Shields '28, Mary Bruso '28

Esther Pond '28	Anna King '28	Dorothy Munson '28
Esther Stebbins '28	Napoleon Dupuis '29	Helen Rudman '29
Thomas Holmes '29	Eva Richard '29	Marie Bozenhard '29
Alice Fickweiler '29	James Reynolds '30	

Business Manager: Josephine Novelli '28

Doris Roberts '29	Walter Bodman '29	Richard Merrell '29
Frank Consolati '28	Frank Keating '30	Robert Carroll '30
Rebelle Vancini '30	Mae Novelli '31	

Nelle Irene Button, *Faculty*

CONTENTS

The Spell of the Green God, <i>Louise M. Shields</i> , '28.....	5
The Village Green at Feeding Hills, <i>Vivian Rising</i> , '28.....	9
Reading Our Way Around the World, <i>Helen Rudman</i> , '29.....	10
The Phantom Ship, <i>Helene Kaplinger</i> , '28.....	11
Lightning, <i>Sylvia Hunter</i> , '31.....	11
Youth and Age, <i>Pearl Bean</i> , '31.....	11
Spring Is Here, <i>Alexander Fearn</i> , '30.....	11
Thoughts on Times, <i>Ralph Channell</i> , '28.....	12
When Mother Taught School, <i>Nella Bailey</i> , '28.....	13
Editorial.....	14
Grandmother's Cookies, <i>Esther Pond</i> , '28.....	14
From the Principal's Office.....	15
Athletics, <i>N. Dupuis</i> , '29.....	16
School Notes.....	17
Alumni.....	18
Exchanges.....	18
Junior High.....	19
Spice Box.....	20

Compliments from the

M. J. KITTREDGE, Inc.

DIAMOND MERCHANTS

JEWELERS

1354 Main Street

Springfield

Carlisle Hardware Co.

Headquarters for

Spalding Athletic Goods

Everything for Every Branch of Sport

The most complete line of Skates
and Skating Togs in New England

Carlisle Bldg. 1548-1554 MAIN ST.

MARIO I. ROVELLI

North Agawam's Leading Market
FRESH MEATS and VEGETABLES
DAILY

Always Reliable

Call 5-5557

AGAWAM GARAGE

A. L. A. SERVICE STATION

Telephone

Day 5-8377

Night 5-2387 W

Automobile Repairing Accessories
Norwork Tires and Tubes
Service Batteries

F. J. MEYER, Proprietor
Agawam Massachusetts

**SPRINGFIELD
PUBLIC MARKET**

Largest Distributors of High Grade

FOOD ARTICLES

In Western New England

NEW BRIDGE CONF.

ICE CREAM, FRUIT

& COLLEGE ICES

FANCY CANDY BOXES

60 Vernon Street

Springfield

J. L. BURKE

SANITARY PLUMBING

—and—

STEAM HEATING

1360 Main Street Agawam, Mass.

North Agawam Garage

Mario Mandirol

General Automotive Repairing
Batteries, Tires, Sales
and Service

Towing—Day and Night Service

The Spell of the Green God

By LOUISE M. SHIELDS, '28

The corridors of the Lincoln High School were buzzing with the talk and confusion of the passing classes. The session bell pealed sharply. Slowly the noise died down as the students settled once more to their work.

Marcia Sutton raised her aching head from her hand and gazed dully out of the window. She saw nothing of the glory of the clean spring afternoon—the blue sky with its tiny white clouds, the brownish-green of the fields, and the buds just beginning to show on the apple trees. Two blue birds, which she would any other time have watched with eager interest, were scarcely noticed. She was conscious only of her aching head and the worry which had been nagging at her for the past week.

Marcia sighed wearily. "Worry—worry—worry—that's all I've been doing for the past ten days. Worry over clothes—worry over money—and then I do without, anyway. All during High School it's been the same way. I've had to scrape, and save, and beg and borrow for every cent I've needed. I wish I'd been born rich instead of handsome." A mocking smile hovered for an instant as the old saying flashed across her mind—then was gone. Her busy thoughts went on. "Let me see. What am I going to need for graduation?" She drew forward a piece of paper and began to jot down the items. "I've got my prom dress that Mother made out of Aunt Lucy's old ball gown. I can wear that to the banquet. I hope we have enough money in the class treasury for that or I cannot go. Then I'll need a dress for class night. I haven't a thing that will do. If I make it myself I might be able to get one for eight dollars. Then I'll need new shoes and stockings, and a new slip. I've saved the chemise Aunt Mary gave me for Christmas last year. That'll help out some. For commence-

ment night I'll need a white dress, white stockings, and white shoes. Where am I ever going to get 'em? Dad, the old darling, has been saving since New Years, but he hasn't half enough. I wish I knew of someone who had some kids to take care of. I'd earn some money that way, but I don't know of any.

"Now, let me see. How many donations will I have to make? Next week is the Senior Prom. I still owe the class a dollar towards that. There'll be the class gifts, the programs, and the invitations. If the class treasury can't take care of the banquet I'll have to give something for that. Everything depends on this class meeting we're having after school. If the class vote for inexpensive invitations, I might be able to afford it, but if they insist on having the class insignia on them I'm sunk. It would be awful not to be in the graduation exercises. Mother seems to think the invitations aren't really necessary. Well—I suppose they really aren't," she admitted. "But I will not—simply will not be in the graduation program unless I have invitations. It would be terrible. What would the class think of me? I simply couldn't do it. I'd pretend I had a sudden attack of scarlet fever or something worse." She smiled grimly, then her eyes filled with unwelcome tears of self pity.

Angrily, she shook the tears from her eyes and turned back to her History book. "The terms of the Navigation Acts are—I wonder how the class will vote—How will they vote? The terms—I want to be in the graduation—How will they vote?"

Marcia closed the book in despair. It was no use. She could not study. So much depended upon the meeting after school. She glanced at the clock. Only quarter past two? It must be more than that. But no—the clock was usually right.

Marcia glanced across the aisle at Irene Parks and for a moment the green god of jealousy peeped out from her laughing blue eyes. Sternly she reproved herself, but the feeling of envy lingered.

"It isn't fair," she excused herself. "Irene has everything. She has so many clothes, and they're all so lovely. Her house is perfectly gorgeous. I'll bet her Morris chairs aren't falling to pieces the way ours are. She even has a car of her own. Of course she's not the only girl who drives a car to school. Mary and Jane both have Fords and Gladys White has the old Cleveland her father was going to sell for junk. But Irene has a brand-new Buick chummy roadster. Irene has about everything she wants. She never has to stay home from school theatre parties because she hasn't the price of a ticket. She doesn't have to refuse a date because she hasn't any decent clothes to wear." Marcia smiled bitterly at the thought. Only last week she had been obliged to refuse an invitation to a dance because she simply could not wear her old green silk again. The side seams were pulling apart and the style had been changed at least three times.

Again Marcia glanced at Irene and the feeling of resentment returned. Irene had on a new dress today. It was a blue silk crepe with inverted pleats and a soft white collar. Involuntarily, Marcia glanced down at her own well-worn linen. It had once been a pretty yellow, but now it was faded, and a big blue stain on the skirt showed where she had dropped ink on it. A lump rose in her throat. The contrast between them was so great. Irene had everything and she had nothing. Irene looked so cool and dainty with her perfect *morcele* and patrician features. Marcia knew her own hair hung soft and straight about her face and that her nose turned up. No consolation there.

Marcia stirred restlessly, trying to shake off this feeling of enmity which had been goading her until she could not even trust herself to speak to Irene. The lump would always rise in her throat and make her voice shaky.

She turned her head away. Looking at Irene always made her feel morbid. And again her eyes encountered that fatal notice, "Senior Class meeting at three o'clock."

"Oh, that horrid meeting!" she thought,

her heart sinking. "I'd almost forgotten it. I'll bet anything Irene will influence the class to get the expensive invitations. She never considers the rest of us."

Slowly the hour passed. Marcia's throbbing temples pounded out every second. It wouldn't be long now before her suspense would be over.

At the first sound of the bell there was a grand rush for the door. Chairs scraped across the floor with a protesting shriek, desk covers slammed shut, voices shouted from one end of the room to the other while the pupils pushed their way out of the study hall.

Hurriedly, Marcia jammed the papers on which she had been figuring into her book and sprang to her feet. At the same moment Irene rose from her seat and the two girls bumped smartly together. Marcia whirled swiftly, her eyes flashing with anger. "Well, you don't need to walk all over me!" she said sharply and hastened from the room. She barely heard Irene's stammered apology. She was already beginning to regret her rudeness.

"Oh, why did I say that?" she thought disparagingly. "If it had been anyone else I'd have made a joke of it. Between Irene, and this meeting tonight I'll be a nervous wreck."

"What's the matter Marcia?" a school-mate cried banteringly as they jostled through the corridor. "You look as if you'd lost your last friend."

Marcia pretended she had not heard. She couldn't trust her voice just then.

Slowly the seniors straggled into the home room, all talking and laughing together as if they hadn't a care in the world. Marcia said nothing but she was listening carefully to the opinions of the other girls. Some of them ought to favor the inexpensive invitations.

"Well, I don't care which they have," she heard Mary say. "I guess I can find ten dollars as easily as five."

"Oh, I think invitations with our class insignia on will be stunning, especially if we have the design done in blue and gold!" Grace said excitedly, talking fast, as usual.

"I hope you girls will all vote to have our insignia on the invitations." Irene's voice broke in. "We have worked hard to make our graduation a complete success and our class night exercises are going to be the best

in years. So we want our invitations to be in keeping with the rest of our commencement—the best.”

“Oh, I’ll vote for the best all right,” Grace assured her.

“So’ll I,” Betty chimed in.

Marcia took no part in the good natured arguing around her but sat by herself, dreading the rap of the president’s mallet. But the rest of the class seemed reluctant to quiet down and ignored the president’s command until in desperation Bill Nye jumped to his feet.

“Hay you!” he shouted. “Pipe down, will ya? Didn’t you hear Charlie call the meeting?”

Quickly the talking stopped and the class settled down to business.

“The business to come before this meeting,” Charlie began, “is to decide the question of our graduation invitations. We will hear the report of the committee.”

Vera Jones rose to her feet. “The rest of the committee and I have been working hard during the past week, and we have finally decided on the style of invitation we prefer. We can have either this kind, which is very plain except for the engraving; or this kind which you can see is beautifully engraved and bears a class crest. The design on it now is very lovely. How much better it will look decorated with our class crest, done in blue and gold! The first one I showed you would be ten cents apiece and the latter would be twenty-five cents apiece. So if we order from thirty-five to fifty each, you see, it will come to quite a bit. Of course, this plain style is quite good looking, but how much nicer it would be if we could have our class insignia on the invitations.”

She resumed her seat and Charlie again took the floor.

“Humph,” Marcia muttered under her breath. “Anyone can see this is all cut and dried. They all know beforehand what to vote for. I haven’t a chance.”

“You have heard the report of the committee,” Charlie said gravely. “Has anyone anything to say before we put this to a vote?”

No one moved.

“Get up,” Marcia told herself desperately. “and say something.” But she could not. She seemed glued to her seat. The boys were passing the ballots. Soon it would be too late. But still she could not rise. Now they

were collecting the votes. What should she write? Nothing? But no, she must write something. Hurridly she wrote the word “plain” on her paper and handed it in. Then the order of the meeting broke up while the votes were being counted.

Marcia sat tense, hardly hearing the conversations going on about her.

At last! Charlie was once more calling for order. “Oh, why can’t they keep still?” she moaned. “I want to hear what he has to say.”

“The votes,” Charlie began impressively, after the manner of a minister announcing the text, “are forty-one for invitations with the class crest and four for the plain ones.” Then his dignity fled and he said hurridly, “Will some one make a motion that the meeting adjourn?”

Marcia sat as if stunned. During the weeks of worry that had preceded the meeting she had at least had a shred of hope to cling to. But now even that was gone. She struggled bravely to swallow the lump in her throat, but it was in vain. Her eyes filled with tears and she rushed blindly from the room. Down the stairs she sped and to the sanctuary of the deserted locker room. There she flung herself face downward on a bench and sobbed unrestrainedly.

“It isn’t fair. It isn’t fair,” she cried brokenly. “It isn’t fair.”

“Why Marcia, whatever is the matter?” a voice exclaimed close by her, and a gentle hand touched her arm.

“N-n-nothing,” Marcia mumbled, her face still hidden on her arm.

“But something must be wrong,” the voice insisted and then added soothingly, “Come, tell me, it might help.”

Slowly Marcia raised her head and her tear filled eyes met those of her comforter. A feeling of blank dismay overcame her. It was Irene.

Marcia flushed angrily. How dared Irene spy upon her. She sat up abruptly, her eyes flashing. “What do you mean by following me?” she demanded.

“Why-I-I didn’t,” Irene faltered, startled by the change in Marcia’s manner. “I just came down to get a book I’d left in my locker.”

“You did!” Marcia continued hysterically. “You did! You’re always trying to humiliate me. This afternoon you voted for expensive invitations just because you

knew I couldn't afford them. It isn't fair! You have everything! You never have to stay at home because you haven't any decent clothes! You don't have to stay out of the school clubs because you can't pay the dues. And now I've got to stay out of the graduation exercises all because of those invitations. It isn't fair! It isn't fair!" Then sobs made speech impossible.

For a moment Irene sat stunned by this outburst. At last she spoke. "I'm glad you told me this, Marcia. I've always wondered just what you thought of me." She paused and then went on again. "It's true—I have everything. But, Marcia, you don't know how I've envied you. Yes, envied you," she repeated, noting Marcia's wide-eyed wonder. "You have everything I want. You are popular and everyone loves you. The girls you see me with aren't my friends. They care only for my car and the good times I can give them. I'm an outsider. I don't know how to make friends. I've never had a real chum. It's true, I didn't think about anyone else when I voted for the expensive invitations. It never occurred to me that some of you might not be able to afford them. But why didn't you say something Marcia? You're too shy. But you have no reason to envy me. I'm really in a worse fix than you. You're up in your classes. I flunked another French test today and Miss Gray just told me I had an average of sixty-eight in History. So you see," she continued bitterly, "I may not be able to graduate either."

"Oh, Irene, I'm so sorry," Marcia exclaimed impulsively, her own troubles momentarily forgotten. "I didn't know."

"We're both in the same boat." Irene continued. "We've both been envying each other." She laughed tremulously. "I wish—I wish we could be friends."

"We will be," Marcia assured her. "I just didn't understand. But I still don't see any way out of my problem."

"But I do," Irene broke in rather shyly. "It's like this. I'm flunking two subjects. I wonder if you would tutor me until finals."

"Oh, I'd love to," Marcia exclaimed.

"And," Irene continued. "With the money you earn you can easily get everything you need for graduation."

"But I couldn't let you pay me," Marcia protested.

"You must," Irene urged eagerly. "I'd only have to hire a professional tutor and I want you to do it. Don't you see? It's a way for both of us to graduate."

"Yes, I see," Marcia repeated slowly. "And I'll do it."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" exclaimed Irene, her eyes shining. "I was so afraid you'd refuse. When can we start?"

"Well, there's no time like the present. Come on home with me now. After supper we can get to work. Oh, come on, you can't say 'no'," she begged.

"But, your mother doesn't expect—" Irene faltered.

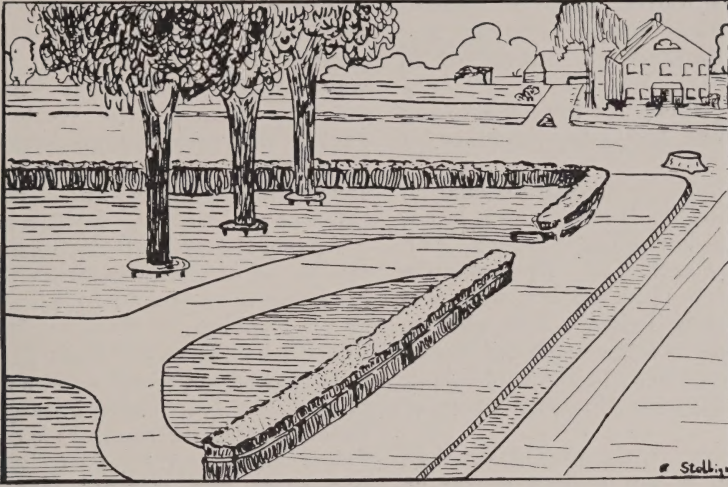
"Goodness, don't let that worry you. Mother's so used to my bringing someone home with me that she lays an extra place just out of force of habit. She'd love to have you. Please come."

"All right. I will. Oh, Marcia, it's wonderful to be wanted!"

"And it's wonderful to have the worry of graduation off my mind. Boy! It's a wonder my hair hasn't turned gray!"

"Mine too," Irene echoed.

And they left the room together, their arms locked, laughing softly—that cozy intimate laugh which speaks of perfect understanding.



The Village Green at Feeding Hills

By VIVIAN RISING, '28

A village green once meant, to New England settlers, a place of protection. Each little settlement had a village green, or a common as it was sometimes called, toward which every house faced. Where there were no houses, a high palisade was built, excluding Indians and wild animals. Everyone's cattle, horses and farm implements were put there at night. It was a plot of ground shared by all of the villagers.

But this is not the history of the village green at Feeding Hills, which was at first a sparsely settled outskirt of the town of Springfield. In 1790, a generous citizen, whose name I have not been able to find, donated, for military purposes, the land which is now our village common. Before this, in imagination, we see our forefathers drilling there to protect themselves from raids made by the French and Indians. Perhaps the giver was prompted by this very sight.

For many years the green was left undisturbed. The grass, which had been worn away by the tramping of many feet, was not replanted and only the ever-lovely trees graced this plot of ground. But land, in the center of a community is seldom wasted, even when land is plentiful, so by a special act of the legislature, in 1874, the villagers

were allowed to erect a town hall on the village green.

It was a well-built structure of brick. The top floor was an assembly hall; on the first floor was a dining room and a few smaller rooms; the basement became an abode for tramps.

This town hall was later turned into the grammar school building, which I attended. I recall the pleasure our teacher gave us when we were given five minutes to go out to pick up papers on the green. But that it was not civic pride that gave us our happiness is perhaps evidenced by the fact that when we were having the sidewalks put in the green, one of the boys printed his initials in the soft cement. This misdemeanor brought about our first lecture on village pride.

As I grew older, the green began to mean not only a place of beauty but a center of many interesting events.

The night before "the fourth" a crowd of young people always assembled there. Whistles were blown, old buggies were burned, and at midnight, when all little girls should have been in bed, a cannon was stuffed with powder, packed with grass, and after everyone was safely behind a tree, the fuse was lighted. That ended the

"night before the fourth" program. Again on Hallowe'en night the same group met on the green to start on another wild escapade.

In later years, there has been a growing tendency to make the green a place of beauty.

We still meet on the common for Memorial day exercises. The flag is raised and saluted, children sing, a few citizens speak, and finally soldiers march. In December, a large evergreen tree is placed here and decorated with electric lights. The electric lights, the Yultide message extended by one of the village ministers, and the carols sung by the citizens, promote the spirit of peace and goodwill.

I have now come to the realization that the village green is not only a center of amusements, but also a reflection of the town's progressiveness to passing tourists. The little park with cement sidewalks, the drinking fountain, the flagstaff, the trees and the shrubbery is a vast improvement over the old military field of 1800.

READING OUR WAY AROUND THE WORLD

In this age of speed, aeroplane travel is becoming increasingly popular. A complete account of the hazardous trip which the world's hero, Lindbergh, made across the Atlantic is given in the book called "We" which he himself wrote. The only aeroplanes to travel entirely around the world were piloted by the following U. S. Navy men: Lt. Lowell H. Smith, Lt. Lee Wade, Lt. John Harding, Lt. Erick H. Nelson, Lt. Leslie P. Arnold, and Lt. Henry H. Ogden, who have since related their story to Lowell Thomas who has written of their experiences in "The First World Flight by Aeroplane."

But trips around the world are still being made in different ways. Halliburton in his book "The Royal Road to Romance" made the trip by almost every conceivable means of travel. It took him two years during which time he earned his way primarily by writing newspaper articles which he sent back to this country. Another book of his is "The Glorious Adventure" a delightful tale telling of the journey made

in like manner while he was following the same route which Ulysses took in the Mediterranean regions hundreds of years ago. In contrast to "The Royal Road to Romance" is "Around the World in Twenty-Eight Days" by Linton Wells who, with E. S. Evans, made his way by the fastest steamships, railroads, and aeroplanes in an attempt to break the world's record.

Among the present day explorers Amundsen is one of the greatest and the story of his adventures is told by him in "My Life as an Explorer." He not only gained distinction by his recent flight over the North Pole in the Norge, but he was the only man to sail the Northwest Passage to China. He discovered the South Pole only two days before Scott and his party reached there. But these two intrepid men never met. "Scott's Last Expedition" is a reproduction of his diary in which he wrote until death forced the pencil from his fingers. The only aeroplane trip over the North Pole was made by Commander Byrd who has accounted for it in "Byrd's Arctic Explorations."

Leaving the frigid zones we might go to Africa. "Cape to Cairo" by Mrs. Stella Court Treatt is a pleasing story of the first automobile trip ever made from the bluffs of Cape Town to the deltas of the Nile. Antony F. Ossendowski has written "Oasis and Simoon" which tells about the life and interesting customs of the natives of Algeria and Tunis. The way in which a London clerk T. E. Lawrence became the uncrowned king of Arabia is told by two books "With Lawrence in Arabia," by Lowell Thomas and "The Revolt in the Desert" by the uncrowned king himself. They also give a vivid and stirring account of the part which the Arabs played in the World War.

Some may be interested in the following list of books all of which are good on travel: "King Cobra," Harry Herve; "Lure of the Labrado Wild," Dillon Wallace; "Denatured Africa," Daniel W. Streeter; "Latin America," Clayton S. Cooper; "The Romance of the Last Crusade," Maj. Vivian Gilbert; "Motor Rambles in Central Europe," F. C. Rimington.

In the next issue of *The Agawam Mirror* there will be a list of books for summer reading.

Helen Rudman, '29.

Verse

THE PHANTOM SHIP

A dream. A cloud. A phantom ship
Gathers far out in the bay;
In azure sleep are kindly steeped
The sails of palest gray.

The rolling tide of the seething sea
Sways to the winds sad song,
And the waters turn to carmen blood
The silver shores along.

Behind the walls of a forest
Phantom castles rise,
That vainly wait for the phantom ship
To be carved in relief on the skies.

The splendor waits at the castle gate
The phantom hosts proclaim,
The phantom ship has stemmed the tide
And is borne on a sea of flame.

And the years roll on, and the phantom ship
Sails again with the carmen dawn,
But the clouds and dreams have melted
And the ship is lost and gone.
Helene Kaplinger, '28.

LIGHTNING

Bang!
Bang!
Zeus sound his ire,
With a crash of thunder
And the lightning's flash of fire.
Splash!
Splash!
The rain comes down,
In raging, thrashing sheets;
The gaunt trees groan.
Dazzle!
Dazzle!
The lightning has flashed,
Mercury races lightning,
And loses a race, at last.
S. Hunter, '31.

YOUTH AND AGE

Youth is like the dawn
Lusty, gay, and bright;
It's like the summer morn,
Flooded with golden light.

Youth is filled with beauty,
Spiritually fair;
But it has yet to do its duty
In the battle's blinding glare.

Age is like the twilight
When the day's work is done;
Like the silence of the night;
Like the setting sun.

Age is filled with knowledge,
Risen from experience of years;
It has reaped great harvests
But has watered them with tears.

Youth is gay and fickle,
Without care or strife;
But age has gleaned from time's sickle
Many hardships during life.
Pearl Bean, '31.

SPRING IS HERE

Lo! the icy blasts of winter
Sweeping over hill and dale,
Sharply cut through valleys narrow
With their wind and rain and hail.

Little rabbits scampering 'round
Stopping, think of what they hear—
The sound of a leaping murm'ring brook
Though winter's snow's still here.

Out on the river numerous cracks
Open slowly and close again.
But one sure sign of coming thaws
Is written in the warming rain.

When at last bleak winter's over
And the birds once more appear;
Then the joyful cry of forests
Is the song that spring is here.
Alexander R. Fearn, '30.

Thoughts on Times

By RALPH CHANNELL, '28

It was a bright morning with a frisky north wind snapping everything with which it came in contact. After a morning of exercise, we had gone back to the house. In the dining room the table was set for the Christmas dinner. Every dish was sending up little volcanoes of steam and a big, brown turkey was placed in the middle as the center of attraction.

It was late in the afternoon when, the dinner finished, we sat down in a big bay window looking east over the Connecticut River. The setting sun in a cold sky was sending its last rays on a windmill, across the river. The mill was being propelled by a strong wind. It was an unusual sight around these parts for windmills are going out of existence. It was a sight I shall remember and glancing at my Dad I knew that I was not the only one who felt its fascination.

"There, is a real example of the old days," I said. "Just think how we get water now." A little chuckle came from Dad and I knew we were going to get a good, old time story.

"Boys," he said, "just do some thinking. Now, if your mother came in and asked you to go out to a pump, which would be frozen, and bring in enough water to do the Christmas dishes, how would you feel? Or, if you had to pump water for a herd of cows, as I had to do wouldn't you think that windmill was worth a thousand dollars?"

"You fellows have about everything you want now-a-days, and if some one should take away all these modern contrivances you would be helpless.

"My grandfather was an early settler of northern Vermont and in his day and in my younger days we knew what real work is. Grandfather had to walk forty miles to Montreal, the nearest city then, to get a few pounds of tea and spices, and you fellows kick if you have to walk up to the

Center. Everything else he had was grown, or made, at home."

"That's all right Dad," I broke in, "but imagine all the fun they got out of it. They hunted for food; they planted a little garden; they kep a few animals; they trapped and sold furs for a little money. They lived just a private, peaceful life. All the sports we try to have today, they had every day."

This started Dad and he proceeded to prove his point.

"Well," he said, "if you had to carry around one of those old shotguns, I don't think you would do so much hunting. All you fellows have to do now is put in a shell and shoot. In those days one had to put in the lead, ram in the powder, put in a cap, and then shoot. You can see now why one had to be a good runner, if the first shot missed a bear or a wildcat.

"How would you like to sit down tonight in a one-room cabin, heated by an open fire place and read a book by a kerosene light? Then you would realize the value of electricity and steam heat. Many nights, I have gone up to my bed and thrown off an inch of snow, then crawled in and tried to make myself warm."

"Well you don't look any the worse for it," commented my brother. "I can't see but what everything runs just as smoothly now as it did two hundred years ago. Man is constantly trying to make machinery which will help him to live a better life in his own estimation.

"When we hear you talk about your old times, Dad, and compare them with the present we wonder which is the best, but I am sure we think the present is the best. And from what you say, we conclude you think your times were the best for a boy's development. Don't you suppose we shall be saying, 'Well, you should have lived when we were boys!'"

When Mother Taught School

By NELLA BAILEY, '28

"Mother, tell me about the time when you taught school."

"But I've told you dozens of times, already," she replied. Mother always says that.

"Well, tell me again," I replied. "You know I'm going to teach, and then, when I begin to think about what a small salary I am getting and how much I have to do, I can recall the things you have told me and I won't have any reason to complain. And another thing it will be consoling to know that all school teachers are not old maids, even if I do plan to be one myself," I replied lightly.

"You ask me what you want to know and I will tell you."

"Oh, think of Miss Button's quaint of questions—What? When? Why? Where? and How?"

"All right. 'What?' That's easy. Teaching school is what you asked me to tell about.

"'When?' I think it was in '83. I was seventeen, and I had had one year in high school.

"'Why?' I suppose because I was called. In school then we had reading lessons and I was reading one day when visitors were present. I still remember some of what I was reading. It started 'We were sound asleep one night when about two hours before day, the lowing of cattle and neighing of horses suddenly awoke us, etc., etc.' After I had finished reading, one of the visitors told my instructor that if I could teach my pupils to read as I did, I was the one they wanted to teach their school. So that's how I secured my position."

"Gee, I hope I can get one as easily as that," I sighed.

"I wouldn't have gotten a position at all if I had said, 'Gee, Gosh,' and some of your other expressions as often as you do," she scolded.

"Times have changed," I retorted, "Now your next question is 'Where?' I can answer that. In a little 'back-in-the-woods' town in Vermont."

"Yes," she said, "it was in Vermont but I didn't think it was so far back-in-the-woods, and I notice you like to go there pretty well."

"No, of course it wasn't back-in-the-woods when you lived there but times have changed as I said before. So on with the topic! 'How?' is your last question."

"And also the longest," she responded. "To begin with, I will tell you about my school-house and pupils. There were sixteen double desks in the room, but these were not unsanitary as I had only eight pupils and each pupil could have had two desks if he had wished. I taught all eight grades, but four of my pupils were beginners so I really only taught first, second, fourth and eighth grades. I had two pupils in the eighth grade and one of them was older than I. The school bell rang like a church bell, but of course was not as large.

In the morning when the pupils came in, they took their own seats and as I called each class they took the seats at the front of the room that had no desks in front of them. They were taught the three R's. Readin', 'ritin', and 'rithmetic. Drawing was unheard of and it was very seldom that the pupils sang. They had a singing school for this purpose.

"My salary for the first year was two dollars a week and my board. I boarded a mile from school walking both ways in all kinds of weather. It would have been as easy to have stayed at home but the people I boarded with had a boy just starting in school and wanted him to have someone to go with. The next year my salary was raised to three dollars and fifty cents a week and I stayed at home.

"My pupils called me by my first name until the school committee told them they must call me Miss Stedman."

"Why on earth did you ever get married when you held such a high paying position?" I asked saucily.

"Don't ask foolish questions. Run along, I've got work to do."

And I went.

Editorial

ASSEMBLY SINGING

A Visitor, who frequently attends our assemblies, stopped a student in the corridor one day last week.

"I was much impressed by the splendid order in which the student body of this school entered chapel exercises yesterday morning," she said. "It was a very pleasing spectacle to see so many boys and girls fill that large hall in such a short period of time, and with no confusion. But tell me, what happens to you when it's time to sing? I should think that you would be eager to sing such soul-lifting songs as you have in those new books. Of course, I understand that there are no professional singers in your student body, but it occurs to me that there is little or no attempt on the part of some of the students to utter a sound, which is rather discouraging to the director.

"While you were singing yesterday, my mind went roaming back to my school days, and the singing of our school songs. The school ma'am would stand us in a line and, after taking her place before us, would beat time with a round, well-polished stick, accompanied by tossings of her head. Any one who dared stop singing for one fleeting second, or uttered a sour note was certain to behold that stick, or as it is now called, baton, being threateningly shaken in his face."

Here I smiled, grateful that no such methods were employed now.

"It seems rather amusing to you, I know," she continued, "but you'd be surprised how many of those little verses have remained with me, and after when I am busily at work I find myself humming those simple tunes."

This last remark brought a new trend of thought. Of course this is the jazz age. We are all aware of that fact. But there are numerous works of famous masters which will still be held high as ideals when the jazz age has passed.

How many of the songs that we sing during our chapel exercises will you remember five or even ten years from now?

Accepting the Visitor's criticism of the assembly singing, we asked some of the members of the faculty what their favorites are. Here are the answers:

Two members chose 'Holy, Holy, Holy'.

Three members chose 'O come all ye faithful'.

Two members chose 'Come thou Almighty King'.

One member chose 'Still, still with thee.'

Why do we not commit one of these hymns to memory or some other, so that we can sing it without the aid of books?

There are many more noble hymns, but few have such perfect harmony and melody as those mentioned above. If one is learned, and really sung, we're sure we shall be all so pleased with the result we'll want to learn another.

M. B., '28.

GRANDMOTHER'S COOKIES

What fun to go to Grandmother's house

And take a peek at the old pantry shelf,
And hear a voice in the kitchen call out

"There's cookies, Johnny; help yourself!"

And there in the old stone jar you see,

When you lift the cover high,
Some nice, thick ginger cookies

To meet your hungry eye.

Gee! they taste mighty good, I'll say.

And then comes that voice once more—
"Here's some nice, cold milk right off the ice"
And she slams shut the ice-box door.

It seems no matter what time I go,
If I peek on the pantry shelf,
There's always a cookie, and a voice calls out
"Go on, Johnny; just help yourself."

Esther Pond, '28.

From the Principal's Office

What does the parent expect of the teachers?

That they co-operate in the mental, moral, and physical training of his son.

What does the teacher expect of the parent?

That he supervise home assignment of his son, that he send his son to school regularly and punctually, and that he take an interest in his son's educational training.

What does the State expect of the school?

That the training given will preserve the integrity and honor of the State by making pupils better and more intelligent citizens.

When is a boy an effective member of the school?

When the parents and school work together to train the feelings, conscience, the will, and the body of a boy as well as his intellect.

Why should a pupil try to have a good record?

First, because he has no moral right to have any other kind of record. Second, because a good record gives a boy himself lasting satisfaction. Third, because a good record makes his parents feel that their effort is recompensed. Fourth, because a good record may be of critical importance, later on when a prospective employer makes inquiries of the school. Fifth, a worthy career depends on worthy deeds well done:

secure heights are built upon firm foundations; postponing serious effort delays recognition of worth and ambition; people are judged by what they have done.

Have parents any responsibility with respect to their sons conduct on the street cars?

Parents share with the school responsibility for the conduct of boys on the cars, and should make it their business to see that their sons behave quietly and courteously coming to and from school. The school can not and will not interfere to save any pupil from the just consequences of hoodlumism.

How may a parent help his son to do well?

First, by seeing to it that the pupil studies regularly each night, and that he does his written work neatly and accurately. Second, by providing a quiet, well lighted room for study. Third, by discouraging all interferences and interruptions. Fourth, by encouraging the boy to talk about his lessons. Fifth, by showing firm disapproval of shoddy work and sharp practice.

What is the attitude of the school towards visiting the parents?

The school most cordially invites parents to visit, and to talk over individual problems with the principal. We want the parents to feel that we are working with them, and we want to feel that we have the hearty and sympathetic co-operation of the parents.



FROM VICTORY TO VICTORY

Agawam at Enfield

On January 20, Agawam won its fifteenth straight league game. It was played against Enfield High, with a score of 20-18.

The Agawam rooters were kept on their toes throughout the last quarter with Enfield making a desperate rally which brought them within one point of the invaders.

Agawam was considerably weakened without the services of "Cud" Pond who was absent from the lineup.

Capt. Consolati, Roy and Fortini featured for Agawam.

In the preliminary the Agawam seconds took the Enfield seconds into camp, 20-14.

Ludlow at Agawam

January 27, saw Agawam's champs annex their sixteenth straight league victory; this time playing against Ludlow, the score was 25-11.

Fortini was the individual star for the locals with 12 points, while Rooney was Ludlow's best with 7 to his credit.

In a preliminary game, the Agawam seconds defeated the Ludlow seconds 30-4.

Agawam at Monson

On January 31, a large crowd of Agawam rooters followed the team to Monson. They were well rewarded, for they saw their favorites triumph in a thrilling fashion, winning their seventeenth straight league conquest. Score, 27-23.

The shooting of Roy and of Pond at crucial moments won the game. The whole team featured on the defense.

In a preliminary, the Agawam girls defeated the Monson girls, 32-11.

Agawam at Stafford Springs

On February 3, the Orange and Brown invaded Stafford Springs and successfully won their eighteenth straight league victory. Score, 40-3.

As usual there was a large crowd of local followers at the game.

Channell and Capt. Consolati featured.

In the preliminary game, the Agawam girls defeated the Stafford Spring girls 32-11.

Agawam at Technical High

On February 8, Agawam defeated Technical High School 26-22 in a thrilling game. At least seventy-five of the school body and faculty accompanied the team to Springfield and cheered them on in the most tense moments of the game.

It was Agawam's ninth victory in ten starts, and their eighth straight victory of the season.

Roy played a great game on the defense, while Capt. Consolati and Channell starred on the offense.

It's not much for a large school like Tech to turn out a team that can beat a small school like ours, but when we beat a school that is four times our size it's a red letter day on our calendar.

Palmer at Agawam

The locals on February 10, won from Palmer 25-14. It was Agawam's nineteenth straight league victory, and their ninth straight victory of the season. It was a costly victory for the locals as Channell injured his ankle and will be out for three or four weeks.

Agawam has lost a three letter man in "Dace" Paro who has been transferred to Springfield Vocational. (Continued on page 18)

School Notes

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

On February tenth a treat awaited the students who attended the morning assembly. Professor Arthur Rudman, a teacher of public speaking at Springfield College, spoke on "The Value of Business Training."

It was a very inspiring talk.

On February thirteenth, Mr. Williams announced the results of the Lincoln Essay Contest.

"The judges," he said, "found it difficult to choose the best from the many good essays which were submitted."

While speaking, he held in his hand four essays finally chosen. One by one he called upon the unsuspecting authors to read their productions.

The first to be read was "Lincoln's Romance," by Pauline Corriveau. "Lincoln, the Orator," by Elsie Chamberlin followed. Then Nella Bailey read her "Character Study of Lincoln." It was followed by the prize winning essay "The Life of Lincoln" by Grace Brady. It's author received a bronze medal, the gift of the Elgin Watch Company.

Each reader received deserving applause.

On February twenty-first, Creighton Abrams gave an interesting account of the "Life of George Washington." This paper recalled to us the fine character and the strong determination and will of Washington.

Can't we be even a tiny bit like him?

A WELCOME VISITOR

One noon recess recently, Miss Minta Locke, a former teacher of mathematics in the Junior High School, made us a visit. She was cordially welcomed by former students and members of the faculty. This

visit was especially gratifying to the class of 1928, for she was their instructor for four successive years.

Miss Locke is a teacher of mathematics in the Junior High School of Newton Highlands.

MISS SMITH'S MATHEMATICS

Have you seen all the graphs hung about in the mathematics room? One graph shows that pupils spend in the lunchroom one half of their money on foods, and the other half on ice-cream and candy. Other graphs pertain to such matters as attendance and tardiness. Let's do away with tardiness!

Under Miss Smith's expert guidance the pupils in the Review Mathematics are learning the use of the slide rule. Some are still skeptical, however, that such a little instrument can do so much.

THE TEACHERS' ROOM

One day recently a sign "For Teachers Only" appeared on the door of the teachers' room. Since no sign had ever before been posted there, it aroused great curiosity. Soon after, the rumor that the teachers' room had been remodeled spread quickly through the building. Being on *The Agawam Mirror* staff, I was allowed to satisfy my curiosity. What a surprise I had! Long white curtains with orange over-draperies hang in the window. On one side of the room, a large reed sofa upholstered in orange and brown, looks very inviting. A big rocking chair, which the teachers have very little time to use, stands in one corner and in the other corner there is another upholstered chair. There are bright pillows in the school colors, too. A new umbrella rack completes the new furnishings. The teachers hope that in the near future they will have a new desk. Isn't it fortunate that now the neighbors' furniture won't have to be borrowed for school plays?

Alumni

Dear Alumni:

Why don't more of you write to us, and why don't those of you who do, write more often?

Last week proved that some of the alumni haven't forgotten us. Helen Fickweiler, from Brown, visited the school. She was enjoying what some of us here would have liked, a recuperation from mid-year examinations. And who do you suppose dropped in on us from New York? Why, Clintina Wright! She had a brisk, business air that made some of us less fortunate ones, want to ask her how she did it. She gave an interesting, impromptu talk to the Juniors on the advantages that a two-year course at Bay Path gives.

Maybelle Kennedy too, was here a few days ago, looking warm and comfortable in a racoon coat; but sorry to say, we didn't see much of her, as she was renewing her ever-growing friendship with the faculty.

We heard from Ellen Worthington the other day. She is in training at the Springfield Hospital and enjoys her work a lot.

Do you remember Audrey Phillips, the girl who had the lovely voice? Well, she is attending Burreby Rose Academy. Hair-dressing will be her profession—unless—? We suggest she warble some sweet notes to her victims, undergoing the permanent wave.

Oh, say, mighty good news came in today about Alfred Gelstharp. You will recall that he graduated in 1924 and entered Amherst College. He has just made the Phi Beta Kappa there. He was one of the fifteen who ranked the highest in scholarship in their class. Here is a fine opportunity for us to follow an example set for us.

We made some inquiries the other day and found that all those from the class of 1927 that entered colleges and normal schools, have been successful in the first half of the year.

That's all the news for now, but why don't all of you write in and tell us what you are doing? It doesn't take much effort to do it and you would be surprised at the satisfaction this tiny effort would give you.

With the best of luck to all,

Dorothy Munson,
The Agawam Mirror.

Exchanges

Here's an idea other exchange departments might like to try.

The Agawam Mirror staff finds it necessary to keep the exchange issues to themselves in case they are needed for reference, but regret that the school doesn't have a chance to inspect them. Therefore, we arranged an exhibit of our exchanges in the Senior room and at our public library to give all interested ones an opportunity to examine them. The certificate *The Agawam Mirror* received from the Central Inter-scholastic Press Association was hung in the middle with a copy of the latest *Agawam Mirror* under it. To one side of the certificate we arranged publications from neighboring schools, and on the other side those from schools further away. Whatever we knew of the history of a magazine, the honors won, etc., we stated on a card accompanying the issue.

We found this an excellent way to show what our contemporaries are doing in their magazines and we wish to thank our usual list of exchanges who made the exhibit possible.

(Continued from page 16)

Agawam at Ware

On February 17, Agawam defeated Ware in a thrilling game 23-21. Agawam enjoyed a comfortable lead at the half, but a brilliant second half rally by Ware nearly upset Agawam's hopes.

Roy starred for Agawam with 8 points and Rohan for Ware with 13 points.

West Springfield at Agawam

On February 21, Agawam defeated an old rival, West Springfield 27-11.

It was Agawam's 12th victory in 13 starts, and the 11th straight victory.

The entire Agawam team did excellent work.

The points were scored as follows:

Pond 6, Reynolds 6, Roy 7, Wallace 4, Consolati 4.

In a fast preliminary, the Agawam girls defeated the West Side girls 26-19.

Pond and Costa featured on the offense, while the guards did much to hold the West Siders at bay.

N. Dupuis, '29.

Junior High

PENMANSHIP AWARDS

Business Certificates: Mary Barbieri, Norma Broggi, Henry Charvat, Irene Christolini.

Student's Certificate: Elizabeth Tronconi, Doris Morrison, Thomas Colli, Angelina Mascaro, Katherine Moccio, Charles Hamblin, Florence Violi, Valentina Giorgi, Rose Conte, Louise Mencarelli, Magdalene Mencarelli, Helen Kryskowski, Albina Bassi.

Improvement Certificates: Rose Pedulla, Dorothy Roberts, Marion Chestnut.

Progress Pins: Blanche Couture, Tessie Smith, Arthur Johnson, Rita Wilson, Mary Stocker, Clifford Mumford, Aleita Linnehan, Ernest Swanson, Mary Tatro, Creighton Abrams, Ella Chestnut.

The Alpha Club is made up of students in A. J. H. S. who obtain a rank or A in arithmetic. Its officers are: President, Vincent Cirillo; Secretary, Eleanor Fickweiler. At present there are thirty-six members. The four new members are: Kenneth Blanchard, Irene Christolini, Earl Cesan, Alice Harri-
gan.

Mrs. Phillips who is still taking a forced vacation received a valentine from her English classes. They sent her two brass vases and a dozen roses.

ELECTRIC MAP ON AFRICA

Grade 8-3, to make their geography more interesting, have made an electric map on Africa. It is wired with electric cord and bulbs. It is worked by pupils during study or recitation periods. They have not only learned new things about Africa by this map, but have also received great enjoyment from it.

Grade 8-1 are writing on foreign tours to put into booklets. Each pupil tells of his tour in class.

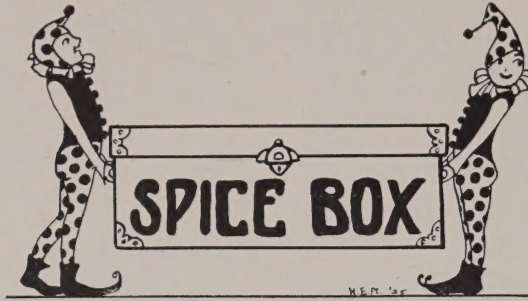
There might be fewer failures in life if more people understood the following poem by Robert Whitaker:

"Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helpless vessel,
Thou canst ne'er to life be true.
Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have long been riding safely—
But they drifted with the tide."

THE FISHERMAN

I am a little Fisherman
I go to sea at night,
My wife and children, pray for me,
Until the morning light.
And when the sun is high,
And the tide is very low,
I come again into their midst,
And how their eyes do glow.
I pick them up, one by one,
And tell them tales of woe,
Until they think that I am brave
And very, very, bold.
And when my hour has come,
To go away for good,
I know, my oldest son
Will become a daring Fisherman.
Helen Squire 9-1.

On yonder hills the snow does lie,
And sparkles as the sun goes by,
The trees were clad in their white fur,
And looked as warm as the people were.
Dorris Morrison, 7-2.



Miss Button: "I'm going to keep a little book in which I'll date you all up."

Miss Ward (in a true-false test): "What's the answer Channell?"

Channell: "Minus" (meaning wrong).

Miss Ward: "What should it be?" (that is, the right answer.)

Channell: "Oh, plus!"

Miss Baker: "What is the policy of the insurance paper?"

Bright One: "That's the amount you receive when you die."

Miss Perry: "This year, owing to the fact that there are so many in the chorus, the glee club will stand in tears (tiers) on the steps during the concert."

This is a true story from Feeding Hills.

Little Jackie, aged 4, had frequently overheard his mother talk about what grandma used to do.

One day he came in from play and asked thoughtfully: "Why, mamma, I had three grandmas, didn't I?"

"Why, no," replied his mother. "You had only two."

"Why, yes, I had three," remonstrated the youngster. "I had grandma Robinson, grandma Jackson, and grandma Use-to."

Taken from Exam Papers

1. English Exam: "The idle of my dreams."

2. "The Republican national convention will be held in Mexico this year."

3. "Raspberry was the Dictator of France during the Reign of Terror."

4. "People suspected of treason were executed at the gelatine."

5. "I walked into a large room mounted with tall cloisters carved of stones"

6. "Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth were buried side by side. From Queen Mary's grave mournful groans were let forth because of her rival."

Hazel (asking a geography question): "Name one place and tell what it is noted for."

Anna: "My grandmother's panty. It is noted for bananas, apples, candy, and cookies."

"Many years ago the king's arm was used as a measurement. Why did they do this?"

"Because he was a ruler."—*Exchange*.

Patsy to small brother: "How much do you weigh?"

Small brother: "I weigh 54 inches."—*Ex.*

They say that ratskins and catskins make good shoes, but banana peels make better slippers.—*Exchange*.

Our Advertisements

Adams & Crockett, Inc.
 Agawam Company
 Agawam Garage
 Anker Printing Company
 Aronson's Haberdashery
 C. W. Atwater & Son
 Bastian Bros. Co.
 Joseph J. Borgatti & Co.
 Bosworth Studio
 J. L. Burke
 Brookside Grocery
 Bozenhard's Blue Ribbon Bread
 Herman Buckholz & Son
 Carlisle Hardware Co.
 Cavicchi's Ice Cream Parlor
 Frank Colli's Market
 W. F. Cook Coal Co.
 Croft, Inc.
 Central Street Garage
 Deacon Bros. Monument Co.
 Rees W. Davies
 Fossa's
 John Hall
 Charles W. Hegeman
 C. W. Hastings Co.
 Philip T. Keefe
 Kibbe's Candies
 King Perfecto
 M. J. Kittridge, Inc.
 Morley
 New Bridge Confectionery
 North Agawam Garage
 Roberts Auto Exchange
 F. C. Roberts & Son
 Mario I. Rovelli
 Wm. Schlatter & Son
 Skiff's
 Springfield Athletic Supply
 Springfield Public Market
 The A. O. Standish Co.
 Springfield Safe Deposit
 Smith's Drug store
 Tait Coal Co.
 Tisdell's Hairdressing Parlor
 True Brothers
 Tift Brothers
 Robert D. Toomey
 Underwood Typewriter Co.
 Third National Bank of Springfield

COMPLIMENTS

OF

TRUE BROTHERS
Jewelers

ESTABLISHED

1898

408-410 Main, 6-8 Pyncheon Sts.

Federal Heights Agawam

* * *

Large carefully restricted building lots on new extension of Federal Street at reasonable prices on monthly payments.

Adams & Crockett, Inc.

288 BRIDGE STREET Phone 2-8314

Phone 5-4663

Joseph J. Borgatti & Co.

THE PURE FOOD STORE

North Agawam

Mass.

Compliments

Robert D. Toomey

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

519 Westfield Street

Mittineague

SKIFF'S

INC.

Fishing Tackle Guns, Ammunition
SPORTING GOODS

Phone 2-0484

13 MARKET STREET Springfield

JOIN OUR LINE OF CUSTOMERS
BUY YOUR

MEAT & GROCERIES

at

C. W. HASTINGS CO.

Phone 3-8815

Agawam

Massachusetts

FOSSA'S

Velvet

ICE CREAM

Try some with the
A. H. S.
5-2950—Phone—5-2949
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT

F. C. ROBERTS & SON

MEATS, GROCERIES
and VEGETABLES

483-485 Westfield St.

Mittineague, Mass.

Tel. 4-0111

FRANK COLL'S MARKET

FRESH PORK AND BEEF

Our Specialty

1119 MAIN ST.

SPRINGFIELD

FRUITS A
 N CANDY
 D

5-8701J

ICE CREAM

5-8305

—at—

Cavicchi's Ice Cream Parlor

"Music While You Eat"

MAIN STREET

Agawam

Cut flowers and plants in season
Bouquet and Funeral work a Specialty

"Say It With Flowers"

WEST SIDE FLORIST

PHILIP T. KEEFE

266 Walnut St. North Agawam
Tel. 4-4073

Office Phone 5-5193

Deacon Bros. Monument Co.

Manufacturers of
ARTISTIC MEMORIALS
in

Barry, Quincy, Westerly
Chester Granite
P. H. Hogan, Mgr.

387 Bay Street Springfield

Established 1812 Incorporated 1857

AGAWAM COMPANY

Manufacturers of
WOOLEN GOODS

AGAWAM
MASSACHUSETTS

PHOTOGRAPHS LIFE'S PERMANENT RECORDS

Most tokens of life lack life
They are soon faded and gone
But Photographs are living reminders
that last forever
Let us make your treasure record of
Life's milestone Permanent.

Bosworth Studio

Photographs Live Forever

1537 Main Street Springfield

Bastian Bros. Co.

Manufacturing
Jewelers and Stationers

TO
High Schools and
Colleges

(Catalogue on request)

1409 Bastian Bldg.
Rochester, N. Y.

GOAL

The hope of all Athletic teams

COAL

is our business

TAIT COAL CO.

331 Liberty Street

PHONES

2-5817

2-5416

Telephone 3-6018

THE A. O. STANDISH CO.

TAILORS FOR MEN

1856 Main Street

Springfield

Telephone 3-3413

For your Furnishings and crew-neck sweaters go to

ARONSON'S HABERDASHERY

10% off to Agawam High School students

1103-1105 Main Street Springfield

*Patronize
Our
Advertisers*

Be an owner of an
UNDERWOOD PORTABLE
OR A NO. 5 TYPEWRITER

Apply for TERMS
on Purchase or Rentals

Underwood Typewriter Co.

282 Worthington St.

Springfield

Mass.

Tel. 5-7860

Brookside Grocery

GROCERIES

Live and Dressed Poultry

Fresh Eggs and Milk

TYDOL SERVICE STATION

Gas, Oil and Accessories

South Main Street

Tel. 5-7860

SMOKE

KING PERFECTO

CIGARS

W. F. COOK COAL CO.

Fred R. Cook, Prop.

Office
Second Street

Yard
Front Street

Mittineague

Anthracite and Bituminous
COAL

New England Coke



THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

may or may not
"bring back to mind" the
"scenes of your childhood"
But,—

BOZENHARD'S BLUE RIBBON BREAD

is sure to recall "fond recollections"
of the good old fashioned bread we
ate as children.

Ask for it at your grocer

C. W. ATWATER & SON

NURSERYMEN

AGAWAM, MASS.

Growers of High Quality Nursery
Stock

Landscape Plans if Desired

Nursery, Corner of South & Suffield Sts.

Tel. 5-4230

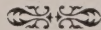
ANKER PRINTING COMPANY

Printers of

SOUTH HADLEY SPOTLIGHT

AMHERST WRITING

AGAWAM MIRROR



General Printers - Phone Holyoke 1007

SUFFOLK STREET *over Suffolk Theater* HOLYOKE, MASS.

MILK CREAM
MILK THE HEALTH FOOD

But

In order to be healthy it must be fresh and pasteurized daily at a sanitary plant. Our product comes from the Pure Food City, Westfield. It is fresh every day. Get it of

MORLEY

16Healy St. Mittineague

Tel. 4-2720

BUTTER BUTTERMILK

CHARLES W. HEGEMAN

GROCERIES, MEATS
 FRESH AND SALT FISH

Fruits, Hay and Grain

Hardware and Paints

Front Street Mittineague

Tel. 3-9317

THE NYAL STORE

It's All Over Town—That
SMITH'S DRUG STORE
 is the reliable place to have your
 prescription filled.

Quality, Accuracy, Reliability

G. E. SMITH DRUG STORE

E. F. Smith, Reg. Phar.

90 Front Street Mittineague
 Tel. 2-1512

FAMOUS SINCE
 1843

Kibbe's

CANDIES

New England's Oldest Candy House

Tisdell's Hairdressing Parlor

BOBBING and
 CHILDREN'S HAIRCUTTING
 a Specialty

Corner School and Main Sts. Agawam

Telephone 2-3107

FOR YOUR FLOWERS—GO TO

Wm. Schlatter & Son

FLORISTS

Greenhouses 12 PYNCHON ST.
 437 Bay Street Springfield

John Hall

Herman Buchholz & Son

(Oscar Buchholz)

Theatrical and Fancy Dress Costumers

Wigs, Beards, Etc., Paints, Powders,
 Masks, Animal Heads, Swords, Armour,
 Jewelry, Decorations for Halls, Wed-
 dings, Fairs, Etc., Flags and Banners

33 LYMAN ST. Springfield

ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES

Fixtures, Appliances
 Table Lamps and
 House Wiring

REES W. DAVIES

Tel. 4-4317

37 DWIGHT ST. (Near State St.)

ON YOUR BIRTHDAY
remember your MOTHER
with a few choice blossoms

CROFT, Inc.

22Vernon St.

Tel. 4-2197

Phone 4-0919

Used Cars Bought and Sold
Used Parts of all Kinds

Roberts Auto Exchange

"Just Across the South End Bridge"

Meadow Street

Agawam, Mass.

**SPRINGFIELD
ATHLETIC SUPPLY CO.**
OUTFITTERS TO AGAWAM HIGH
and
TEAMS AND STUDENTS

107 Chestnut Street, opposite YMCA
Props.

J. F. Fenton

F. J. Maloney

U. S. L. Batteries

Central Street Garage

H. H. Shaylor, Prop.

Authorized FORD Sales and Service
General Repair Work on all make of
Cars

Firestone Tires

WHERE ARE YOUR VALUABLE PAPERS?

There is a place here for them
with absolute protection for a
very small cost — A SAFE DE-
POSIT BOX — where you will
always find them subject only
to your personal call.

Springfield Safe Deposit and Trust Company

Corner Main and State Streets

TIFFT BROTHERS

Members New York and Boston
Stock Exchanges

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

Third National Bank Bldg.
Springfield, Mass.

Agricultural National Bank Bldg.
Pittsfield, Mass.

AN EDUCATION



*From Money
Earned in
Summer*

MANY college men are those whose opportunity for education came from Summer work and careful systematic saving.

Young men working with this object in view are invited to save with this bank.

Third National Bank
and
Trust Company

OF SPRINGFIELD